

AT THE THEATRES

By HECTOR FULLER.

THE COLUMBIA.

"The Deacon and the Lady."

There can be no possible doubt about the sort of hit that "The Deacon and the Lady" made at the Columbia Theater last night. Before an audience that tested the capacity of the theater the merry jingles and the bright comedy of this piece were given to an accompaniment of laughter and applause that marked it for success. For it is real comedy, tuneful music, pretty girls, clever actors, adequate and pretty stage settings, and, above all, it is clean and wholesome. The clever music is the work of Alfred E. Aarons, and the book is by George Totten Smith.

The music is wonderfully clever. Not the less so because it is, in places, so strikingly reminiscent. It is the sort of music, not only that will be hummed, but has in some cases already been hummed. No matter; it will be hummed again. One of the prettiest and most taking of the musical numbers is a song with a sextette, sung by Miss Mayme Gehrue. It is the old "Floradora" sex-tette over again, so far as the tune is concerned, and the words are Floradorian, for the refrain is "I must love someone, and it might as well be you." It is all right, we guess, for Kipling to sing:

When "Omer smote 't' bloom" 't' lyre,
He'd 'ard him sing by land an' sea;
An' 'at 't' thought 't' might require,
'E went an' took 't' same as me!

But we hardly think that that justifies Mr. Aarons, especially when in some of his numbers he shows that he is capable—though we are told that he is not a musician—of really good and original work. Enough of this—even if one number does sound mighty like "Floradora," it is a mighty good number, and from the way the audience enjoyed it, people are evidently very glad to hear it again.

Story? If I were asked to tell the story of "The Deacon and the Lady," I should reply like the classic soldier: "Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir." And what does the story of a musical comedy amount to anyway? All that is necessary is that the author of the book has created certain characters, which are played by mighty clever comedians, and he has given them ample opportunity to come on, with just sufficient excuse, to keep the audience amused.

Every one knows Harry Kelly, and he, as the Deacon is the bright particular star. Never was he funnier than in this piece. His methods are imitable, and his semi-serious aphorisms which he carries through the play afford a fine contrast to his funnier moments. It really seemed last night as if Mr. Kelly was not as funny as he could have been, because he did not dare to be any funnier than he was. Somebody might have dropped dead with apoplexy and stopped the show. His specialty in the second act was a scream of laughter from beginning to end.

Second to Kelly is Ed Wynn, long and favorably known in vaudeville, who has a part particularly suited to his fine style of comedy. Of course, he is there with that funny double Panama hat, and his merry quips, to which his personality and manner of delivery add so much. If they were set down in cold print, no doubt they would seem silly enough—but it's good to be silly sometimes, and certainly they set the audience roarin'.

Then there is Fletcher Norton, as graceful a dancer as there is on the American stage, and a chap who can sing a song so as to get the best out of it. One of the big hits of the evening was his "In the French Flip-Flap," with an eccentric dance, and his "I Love a Yankee Girl" was another delight.

Miss Clara Palmer, a good looking as she is clever, is the prima donna of the company, and she has a voice of rare charm added to a personality of wondrous magnetism. Her songs, "Mr. Tan-Heuser," "It's Queer What Just a Little Love Will Do," and "Dreams" were all wonderfully effective, but her biggest opportunity and her largest success was made with "Tiger Love," a beautiful melody, in which she sang with the entire chorus. Miss Palmer came into her own in this musical comedy, and has never been seen to better advantage.

Then there is Mayme Gehrue, who sings it mighty well. The comedy is helped out at times by Madelyn Marshall, who plays the Deacon's daughter, and by P. O. Malley Jennings, who plays the Hon. Charles Chetwynne, the Englishman, who is always proposing. Both are very good.

Last, but by no means least, comes the chorus, a company of pretty girls in rich and tasteful gowns, as good a singing chorus as you will hear in many a long day. There are short girls and tall girls, "ponies" and "mediums," all of them good to look at, and all of them with voices.

THE COSMOS.

Vaudeville.

Topping a good bill at the Cosmos this week are the Metropolitan Minstrels. The offering proved to be a complete minstrel show in tabloid form, and is presented by five girls in Buster Brown costume, and two small black-face comedians, who handle all the fun at the "ends." The act comes to Washington after a remarkable tour of the Southern cities that have been a series of triumphs to which they will now add Washington. On the same bill, Billy Dale, a juggler of ability, easily carried off second honors. Sytz and Sytz, novelty acrobatic entertainers, and Thomas Kerr, trick and comedy violinist, make up the evening shift. In the afternoon Ed. Winchester, labeled as the "Musical Monologist," proved versatile and had to respond to several encores. The "O'Connor Trio" pleased with songs and imitations. Eva Thatcher, the Irish comedienne, and Carver and Oliver add their laughing scenes "2 A. M.," with two reels of new motion pictures closing one of the best shows seen at the Cosmos this season.

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THE BELASCO.

"The Lottery Man."

There seems to be no limitations to the playwrighting proclivities of Rida Johnson Young as regards the character of the work. Beginning with the purely romantic, following with college comedy and musical comedy, she has arrived with a farce, and the term "arrived" is used advisedly, as for pure entertainment her latest effort, "The Lottery Man," excels all of those preceding. It is hilarious from start to finish, both in episode and dialogue; and above all, in these reminiscent days, the plot has the stamp of originality. Ridiculous or improbable if you please, but the merit of novelty and mirth must be accorded. While there is present travesty, there is also present satire, and while the general tendency is toward exuberant amusement, there are also several valuable lessons outlined at least.

Jack Wright, a brilliant but somewhat erratic space writer, living with and somewhat spoiled by his mother, conceives the idea of providing for her and, incidentally, of himself by means of a joint lottery and sensational newspaper story scheme, wherein he was to be lotteried off as a husband to the holder of a lucky coupon to be one of several hundred thousand, each costing a dollar, the entire proceeds of the coupon selling to be the dowry of the couple if the marriage was consummated, and in case of refusal on the part of either the entire pot was to go to the other. The paper was to profit by means of a tremendously increased circulation, superinduced by the sensation and the stories to be furnished daily by Jack in connection with real and imaginary happenings in his life, he having had an eventful career for one so young, and amply equipped by nature for the embellishment thereof in the telling.

The plan, works to perfection as to its sensational and monetary features. The copies of the paper are at a premium, and over 200,000 ladies, of all ages, conditions, and facial aspects, stake one or more dollars on the issue, but alas! the incipency of the scheme, Jack falls in love with a lovely girl, and despite the buying, in secret, of numerous friends who are in the secret, she loses, and Jack is won by an eccentric and ancient woman companion to the mother of Jack's bosom friend, who refuses either to give up or sell out, and thus the hero is in a lamentable and ludicrous dilemma. After having placed her bet in this remarkably funny position with such amazing and humorous dexterity, it would hardly seem possible for Mrs. Young to extricate him with the same degree of success, but she does so without perceptible faltering off. It was discovered that the final holder of the lucky number, 123, had nipped the ticket from a maid servant in the house, who, being nearly married to the butler, gives up her claim, and all ends merrily. Of course, lots of people are going to say that a young man of Jack's character, education, and environment, would never descend to such a scheme—and he probably would not—but 'tis a farce, and in farces such things must be winked at, especially when there is so much wit, novelty, and hearty humor.

The bulk of the comedy really falls on the two of the cast, although her part is said to be the best of the evening by the company. Cyril Scott, as Jack Wright, "the lottery man," carries the role through without a single interruption in the current of fun. His humor is spontaneous and contagious, while he puts just enough character into it to make it a personality rather than a mere clown. In fact, he is rapidly developing into a comedian of the first order. Helen Lowell, as Lizzie Roberts, the momentarily happy winner of the prize, is a real gem. Her remarkable make-up, drool facial play, and remarkable gestures all contribute, and altogether she is very funny.

Louise Galloway, as Mrs. Wright, is as charming as ever. Good character sketches are furnished by Jennie Dickerson, as Mrs. Peyton, and Mary Leslie Mayo, as Hedwig Jensen, while important augmentation of the comedy is contributed by Raimond Mackay, as Percy Peyton, and Bertha Bartlett, as Helen Heger, with the minor roles were agreeably presented.

The whole entertainment is an interm of wholesome amusement, with momentary glimpses, satirical, and otherwise, of personal eccentricities and current fads, including health-cures, both physical and mental.

THE GAYETY.

Burlesque.

Opening with "A Mixed Affair" and closing with "The Aviators," Clark's "Runaway Girls" showed that names do not make the play, as they neither went up in the air nor were very mixed up when they played to a capacity house last night at the Gayety Theater. Of the men, Jack Reid and Frank Wakefield were the best, and they carried most of the fun of the evening on their shoulders. J. Sheriff Mackey, as a country sheriff, is one of the best character comedians seen here this season. The leading female parts were played by Miss Gilbert, Miss Aubrey, and Miss Croix. Miss Winifred Greene made a pleasing soubrette, and rendered her songs and dances in good style. In the old Reid, Wakefield and company presented a sketch, entitled "The Tie that Binds," which is built around the life of a dope fiend. The Ivory Quartette rendered some popular songs, which the audience enjoyed, if their applause could be taken as a criterion. The show is newly staged and the scenery and costumes all show that it has not been up against the wear and tear of the road as yet. The girls are a good-looking crowd and should be pleasing to the eye of the patrons of this popular house.

THE MAJESTIC.

Vaudeville.

Manager Weston, of the Majestic Theater, won the approbation yesterday of large audiences, who witnessed one of the best shows of the season at this theater. The feature was the Australian Twin Andersons, Lillie and Minnie, in their original novelty, "Dancing in the One Rope." It was very good and easily scored the best honors. The special added attraction, Buckner, sensational bicycle act, did some very clever and daring tricks, holding second honors. Rogers and Pearce, eccentric German comedians, singers and dancers, are comical, and Jeannette Germain, the girl with the voice, sung some very popular songs that pleased. The Majesticograph conducted the performance with some good pictures.

"THE NATIONAL."

"Three Million Dollars."

A large audience gathered at the National Theater last night to see the first of the musical comedies to visit this theater this season, and it showed by its applause and laughter that its appetite was thoroughly whetted for this form of entertainment. "Three Million Dollars" proved to be a musical comedy of the usual order—a pleasing medley of dance and song and joke and merriment; a human vaudeville in a gorgeous setting; rectilinear, a trifle noisy, but capital fun at most times.

The book of "Three Million Dollars" is by Edgar Allan Woolf, the lyrics by David Kemper, and the music by Anatol Friedland. Of the book there is little to say. The plot is so attenuated that it is difficult to find it. All there is of the story lies in the fact that a young man, Reginald Ogden Bruce, is to lose a legacy of \$3,000,000 if he does not marry to please his uncle. As his uncle has sent him a photograph of the lady he is expected to marry, and as she has an awful face, the young fellow seeks to circumvent his evil fate by marrying some one else before his uncle can prevent him. Three acts are spent in his trying to get married, and just two minutes before the final curtain falls he manages to pull it off, winning a bride much too good for him.

The scene of all this exciting plot is nowhere in particular, or anywhere you like. They call it Oldport on the programme, and wherever the management dreamed Oldport was they had a most gorgeous dream, for the three acts are striking examples of beauty and good taste. It is hard to say which is the prettiest stage setting. The first act has some novel effects, especially one showing scenes within scenes to illustrate the verses of a clever song; the second act was notable for its views of the Lakes of Killarney, which furnished a beautiful background for one of the most taking musical numbers of the piece, and the last act, showing the exterior and interior of a dancing pavilion, was also lavish in its effects. And right here it may be well to say that the management has dressed this musical comedy in a handsome way. The costumes even of the choristers were marvels of the dressmaker's art; the changes were constant, and the array of color was magnificent.

Of the women in "Three Million Dollars" the name of Miss May Boley is alone featured in large type, and she was so funny in one song in the last act she gave a number of the play into pretty nearly entirely in the hands of Miss Ada Meade, an old Washington favorite, from her connection with the Aborn Opera Company. As Jane, Miss Meade has plenty to do, and all of it she did amazingly well. She has a magnetic and pleasing personality and a voice of richness and sweetness. On her first appearance she was heartily welcomed with applause, and this was often repeated most generously during the performance. Her song in the first act, "Love Waves," carries pretty well through the entire evening, and the melody and charm of it are remarkable. She was heard again to advantage in "P. S. I Love You," in company with Grace Griswold and Dorothy Brenner. She helped mightily in "Leonora," with Johnny Ford and the chorus, where she sang two of Tom Moore's ballads with tender and touching effect against a charming background of Irish choruses. In the last act she had the opening number, "Swinging with Some One," which was another undoubted success.

Miss May Boley, who with added experience is getting more and more after the fashion—and one might also say figure, as she mentions it herself—of Marie Dressler, adds a good deal to the fun of the play, though her songs are not particularly tuneful. Her methods are reminiscent of those of her predecessors, but that is to be expected, and no fault can be found with their "face-to-face-noise-tones" conversations in the true Rogers style. Miss Sybil Brennan has the part of Rose Grey, and her songs, "Way Down in Colon Town" and "I Could Learn to Love You When You Smile, Smile, Smile," were encored again and again, as were also the original parodies of the Klein brothers and "My Cigarette," sung by Dorothy Dunn, who has Avita Sanchez's role of Pequita.

The chorus is large, well dressed, and well trained, the stage settings excellent, and the impression left by the entire performance was one of complete satisfaction. The management has made a mistake in securing this attraction, and capacity houses will no doubt be the rule for the remainder of the week.

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and "The Queen of Manhattan Isle." An especially attractive feature was "The Parsi Kick," sung and danced by Eugene Redding, a clever character comedian, well known to musical comedy. The act is delightful.

One of the most pleasing acts on the bill is that of Jarro, "The Humorous Trickster," who not only is extremely adroit and skillful in new tricks of leggedman, but manages to keep the audience laughing as well as wondering by his running fire of comedy. His famous lemon trick, which he originated, makes people sit up and wonder, though all the tricks he does are unusually clever. The added extra feature of the bill is "Poems in Marble." Vaudeville acts are given hyperbole, but this title is not extravagant. Three men and women, their bodies enameled until they look like marble, pose after some of the more famous classical statues, and each pose is a "dream." It is one of the most truly artistic acts in vaudeville to-day.

The show opens with Lina Pantzer, who dances skillfully on the tight wire. Lola Merrill and Frank Otto do a song and dance conversation act that is unusual and clever, and Marshall Montgomery proved himself to be an extraordinary ventriloquist. Throughout the bill is full of fire and dash and energy; funny and entertaining—the sort of bill that will turn people away from Chase's at many performances this week.

THE ACADEMY.

"In Panama."

With the same lines, a few more songs, and the same lavish stage settings that were so much in evidence when the Rogers Brothers played here two years ago, "In Panama" returned to Washington last night and was greeted at the Academy by a capacity audience, which testified by its laughter and continuous applause to the manner in which it appreciated the humor of the piece and the work of the principals and chorus.

In bringing "In Panama" to the Academy, the management of this theater has again demonstrated that the policy of the playhouse this winter is to get away, as much as possible, from the melodramatic productions that have been featured there in the past, and it has secured in this production a play that is full of humor, catchy songs, beautiful stage pictures, and alluring girls.

The plot of the piece does not matter—when the Rogers Brothers played it people went to see it in order to see them, and did not care about the plot—so suffice it to say that it concerns the fortunes of A. Gustave Windt and Hugo Kisser, two German soldiers of misfortune, cast away in Panama and looking for the mysterious "Island of Gold." The roles of Windt and Kisser fall to the part of the Klein brothers, who extract as much humor from the lines, the syncretized dialect, and the situations as the Rogers brothers—and that is praiseworthy. Of course, their methods resemble those of their predecessors, but that is to be expected, and no fault can be found with their "face-to-face-noise-tones" conversations in the true Rogers style.

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THE NEW LYCEUM.

Burlesque.

"The Cozy Corner Girls" have a classy show at the New Lyceum this week. Billy Spencer and Richey Craig lead the other members of the company through a blaze of comedy and music that is refreshing. The opening farce is called "Room No. 6," and is a good travesty on the way of running a hotel. Anna Yale and Olga Orloff head the feminine contingent in an acceptable manner. The olio is good. Mort McRae and Levering Welling give one of the best bicycle performances seen here in some time. Jesse Ward and Belle Hunter do a grotesque comedy turn. Richey Craig, with the aid of a phonograph, gave a good musical act, and Anna Yale and Olga Orloff sang several popular songs to advantage.

CASINO THEATER.

Vaudeville.

The bill at the Casino Theater this week contains a dramatic playlet, entitled "The Operator." The stage set, as a telegraph station, during the act, is exhausted after a continuous tour of seventy hours' work at the telegraph instrument. He finally falls asleep, but on a persistent call on the wire is aroused. The message is to control two passing trains. The operator falling asleep again, his wife discovers from the time sheet that a mistake has been made. Awakening her husband, the certainty of a horrible accident within a few minutes becomes apparent. The operator, seeing a revolver, dashes into an adjoining room when the wife in a strong emotional scene, trying to open the doors, begs him not to kill himself, or, if he must, to take herself and the baby with him. Her entreaties prevailing, he comes out just as another call over the wire informs them that one of the trains concerned is late, and in another thrilling scene the play ends in a satisfactory manner.

The next big feature on the bill was

Lee Tung Foo, the original Chinese barytone, who in native costume sang first a Chinese song, then the famous "Anvil Chorus" in English, and an Irish song entitled "My Irish Rose" in dialect. Others in the bill were Fluke and McDonough in a comedy sketch, entitled "Ladies' Interfering Society," which excited laughter; Evelyn Ware, who sang charmingly several songs; McDonald Brothers, comedy acrobats; Lawrence Wilson, character vocalist, in several catchy and attractive songs. The motion picture plays were as usual interesting and generous in quantity.

The Alhambra Theater.

The pictures continue to draw large houses. To-day and to-night will be Templar Day. All week will be devoted to special high class pictures. Many pictures will only be shown at this theater. Each day a biographic picture and vitagraph pictures, with Miss Florence Turner playing the leading part. The Alhambra management promised their patrons to exceed this week pictures heretofore shown, which have already met the approval of the press and public. Three reels of new pictures is shown at each performance, making in all an hour of solid amusement for the one price of admission, 5 cents. To-day's performance, 10 a. m. to 10:30 p. m.

AS THE DAYS PASS.

By FRANCES JAY.

The Washington Herald has been advertising recently for "boys to scrub carpets." This is a rather new use to put boys or any one else to, for that matter. For one would imagine that the last treatment to subject a carpet to would be to scrub it. It is a rather safe guess to declare that the "wanted" boys were not to apply at the White House if the rest of the building is as free of covering on the floors as is the famous East Room. Probably nothing more distinctly marks the change of opinion in matters of home furnishing since the birth of this country than the alteration of this justly famous room. How splendidly satisfactory it is! Not the most athletic germ could cross that expanse of polished hardwood floor without breaking its neck or starving to death. Gone forever are the unhealthy carpets and heavy curtains, and with them much of old association. With feet pressed deep in velvet, one could imagine the tragedy of the giant cheese that hospitable old Andy Jackson once served to his callers in such quantities that a public reception that great chunks fell about and were mashed under foot, so the whole floor covering had to be removed and renovated before the room could be used again. That was a time when "boys to scrub carpets" might have had a steady job for many days. This piece was the gift of admirers of the President in New York State, and was the biggest thing of the kind ever turned out. Up to that memorable receipt the same custom to serve refreshments of a simple kind to all who called at the Executive Mansion. But this experience sounded the death knell to the free lunch habit in high places. A prettier picture in which the carpet of the East Room figures was when the children of the Tyler Cabinet gathered about the chair of the fragile first lady of that name, who even in the shadow of death loved the little people to come to her, and they would play at picking the roses from the floor and throwing them into her lap; for carpets that were gardens of bloom were novelties for even the best grade of people in the early '40s in America. These dancing little feet were hushed by the garland-bearing floor covering when the children gathered about her coffin as she lay in state in this great room, and probably the same carpet muffled the tread of those bearing forth the body of Lincoln's little son. So, though it is quite correct to be "up to the minute" in the arrangement of this most interesting home in the land, old-fashioned folk rather long for some of the furnishings that were associated with successive administrations, and the bare expanse of this beautiful room left the heart as well as the feet cold.

I wonder how many of those who look up at the post-office tower or run into the imposing building to post a letter or buy a stamp know that a minute trip in the elevator will introduce one to a very interesting collection of oddities connected with the postal service, past and present. One can be amused for many hours with the quaint and curious collection, or if hours are not abundant something worth seeing can be had in five minutes' sojourn. The third floor is used for the display of articles relating to the postal service, appliances ancient and modern. But it is the collection of the fruit garnered in the department of the service known by the sonorous name of "Dead Letter Office" that what the story writers call heart interest is found. Here are evidences of "love's labor lost" in the queer things made by patient scrap-work with old stamps and pictures; the bits of flimsy wrought with loving intent for somebody's birthday; the pair of gloves mended by a careful soul who yet was careless enough to leave them behind to be forwarded by her late hostess; the stumped-out shoe of some little man intended for daddy's comfort when he was too far away to hear the sturdy steps; and—sharp contrast to this—a white felt hat once worn by a sailor boy under far-off skies, and in his idle moments decorated in a wonderful way with Indian ink sketches of the twin Cs and double Ds—cards and cigarettes, dice and drink, and in and out the hopeful legend "we are going home." This most ingenious record of what the boy had learned on his cruise is bordered with a fringe made of dice and tiny skulls and bottles carved from



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PRESIDENT'S SON TO RESUME BOOKS

Charley Taft Ends a Brief Vacation Here To-day.

Master "Charley" Taft, son of the President, has been spending a few days in Washington with an old friend, Reginald Looker, son of the late Rear Admiral Looker.

Both were pupils at Force School before young Taft went to the Taft school, conducted by his uncle in Connecticut. They renewed old friendships on Friday and Saturday, when Master Taft came here to gather his school books for his return to his uncle's school.

They have been having a good deal of tennis at Aquanum, Open Air School, Highlands Manor, conducted by Dr. Winthrop Talbot, opposite Mr. John R. McLean's country place on the Tenthlytown road, where young Looker is a pupil. Young Taft leaves Washington for his uncle's school to-day.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS MEETS.

Miss Emily Bradley is President of the Philatheas.

The philatheas class of the Eastern Presbyterian Sunday school held its semi-annual election last night at the home of Miss Hazel Greve, 19 Adams street northwest. The following were elected: President, Miss Emily Bradley; vice president, Miss Mildred Kolb; secretary, Miss Irene Allwine; treasurer, Miss Kathleen Perkins; assistant treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Hauer. The choirmen of committees are as follows: Social, Miss Alice Sargeant; flower, Miss Kathleen Perkins; visiting, Miss Irene Allwine; lookout, Miss Olga Steverling.

The class numbers twenty-one young ladies, and is planning for extensive work during the coming year. The teacher is Rexford L. Holmes.

ARMY ORDERS.

The following named officers are detailed to attend and deliver lectures at the twelfth annual convention of the National Guard Association of the United States, to be held in St. Louis-Mo., beginning October 3. Col. ERASMUS M. WEAVER, Coast Artillery Corps; Lieut. Col. JOHN T. THOMPSON, Ordnance Department; Maj. GEORGE W. McVIE, Twentieth Infantry; EDGAR RUSSELL, Signal Corps; DAVID S. STANLEY, quartermaster; JOHN F. MURPHY, General Staff; and EDWARD L. MUNSON, Medical Corps; Capt. MONROE C. KEITH, Twenty-third Infantry; LUCIUS R. HOLBROOK, commissary; and SOMERSET F. WALTON, United States army, retired. Capt. VERLINO K. HART, Fifteenth Infantry, is retired.

At the request of the governor of Wyoming, Capt. VERLINO K. HART, Fifteenth Infantry, with his company, is detailed for duty with the organized militia of Wyoming, to take effect upon his retirement from active service.

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Take no substitute. Ask for HORLICK'S.

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ESCAPES FROM OCCOQUAN.

Washington Police Asked to Find Negro Prisoner.

Another name was added last night to the list of escaped prisoners from the new workhouse under construction at Occoquan, and the Washington police were asked to look out for Arthur Cammack, twenty-eight years old, a negro, who succeeded in evading the guards about 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Cammack lived at 907 Acker street northeast before being sentenced to Occoquan, and it is thought that he will be picked up when he attempts to communicate with friends there.